

T H E

21

L A R K,

BEING A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

S O N G S;

CONTAINING,

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1. How sweet in the Woodlands.

HOW sweet in the woodlands
With sweet hound & horn,
To waken shrill echo,
And taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chace
My fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne,
Is lost to my view;
She's lost! fair Daphne is lost to
my view!

Assist me, chaste Dian,
The nymph to regain,
More wild than the roe-buck,
And wing'd with disdain;
In pity o'ertake her,
Who wounds as she flies,
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd,
'Tis Martillo that dies!
That dies! that dies!
'Tis Martillo that dies!

2. Mary's Dream.

The moon had climb'd the highest
hill,

Which rises o'er the source of Dee
And from the Eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
Then soft & low a voice was heard
To say Mary weep no more for me
She from her pillow gently rais'd

Her head, to ask who there might
be, [stand
And saw young Sandy shiv'ring
With pallid cheek and hallow eye
O, Mary dear! cold is my clay
It lies beneath a stormy sea,
Far, far from thee I sleep in death
So Mary weep no more for me
Three stormy nights & stormy day
We toils'd upon the raging main
And long we strove our bark to save
But all our striving was in vain
E'en then as horror chill'd my
blood, [thee
My heart was chill'd with love for
The storm is past, and I at rest
So Mary weep no more for me
O maiden dear, thyself prepare
We soon shall meet upon the
shore [earn
Where love is free from doubt
And thou & I shall part no more
Loud crow'd the cock, the sh
dow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see
But soft the passing spirit said,
Sweet Mary weep no more for me
3. Mary's Death at Sandy's Tomb.
Loud toll'd the stern bellman
night,
When Mary, dejected and sad,
To the turf had directed her flight



Wherein her cold lover lay clad; thee, [bosom,
 How long, my lov'd Sandy, she To grace thy faithful lover's
 cry'd, [complain, O my bonny, bonny Bet. [lie,
 Must my heart in sad anguish Yet ask me where those beauties
 How long 'till in death we're I cannot say in smile or dimple,
 ally'd, In blooming cheeks or radiant eye
 And fate cannot part us again? 'Tis happy nature wild & simple.
 Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 the tomb, And sigh in numbers trite and
 Come Mary, it cries, come away common,
 To partake of thy lover's sad doom Ye Gods, one daring wish be mine
 And rest thee beside his cold clay! And all I ask is lovely woman.
 I hear the kind call, and I come, Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl
 Ye friends & companions adieu, Like thy bright eye in pleasure
 haste to my Sandy's dark tomb, dancing,
 To die in his bosom so true. My heart art thou, so take my
 I hear the kind call, and obey, soul, [sing,
 Ah, Sandy receive me! she cry'd, With rapture ev'ry sense entrain-
 Then breathing a sigh o'er his 5. *The Middlesex armistice.*
 clay, [dy'd! At night with the woodlark I rest,
 he hung on his tomb-stone and I rise each morn with the same,
 4. *Bonny Bet.* By the note of the nightingale
 no more I'll court the town-bred how I am blest,
 fair, I laugh at the trumpet, the
 who shines in artificial beauty, trumpet of fame.
 or native charms, without com-My meals without riches are
 pare, [duty; crown'd, [stead,
 claim all my love, respect, and Fair Temperance reigns in their
 my bonny Bet, sweet blossom, At my table tho' plenty be found
 my bonny, bonny Bet. By virtue my footsteps are led.
 as a king so proud to wear thee From the top of the primrose hill,
 on the verdant couch I'd bear How many proud buildings I see,

Let the lords of 'em envy who will My charming fair
 My ease and my cottage for me. Kifs and keep it up,
 I labour, but leave when I please, I kifs and keep it up.
 I study, but not to my hurt, The brown, the fair,
 My life is a compound of ease, The debonair,
 Avoiding all courtiers at court. Of charmers make the group,
 Peace dwells in my roof that is Then day and night
 low, 'Tis my delight

To give up to Pride her fair room To kifs and keep it up.
 No envy, no hate, no malice But there did shine
 shall grow, [in bloom. Some friends of mine,
 While love, truth, and ease are A buck, a beau, a fop,
 Of health, not of hate, do I dream They kifs'd, they rov'd,
 So sweet is my sleep 'till I rise, They drank, they lov'd,
 Dick whistles to plough with his But could not keep it up.
 team, [joys. For Hymen's bands

And I to my herds with fresh Now tie their hands,
 I smile at my country's encrease And make their courage droop,
 In commerce, religion, & arms, They curse their fate,
 My hand and my heart, oh! my And find too late
 heart it is such, [warms. They cannot keep it up.
 A Briton whom liberty, liberty Tho' beauty gains,
 See Briton's flag streaming with It me not pains,
 silks, [free, Nor makes my spirit droop,
 Display glory that we all may be For blythe as May,
 May Liberty never want Wilkes; I range away,
 Nor Wilkes never want Liberty. Still kifs and keep it up.

6. *Kifs and keep it up.*

Led on by love,
 With joy I rove,
 And take a chearful cup,
 Unknown to care
 If some I find
 To mirth inclin'd,
 And marriage makes them hope
 I'll never wed,—But in its stead
 I kifs and keep it up.

7. *Variety is charming.*

I am in love with twenty,
 I am in love with twenty,
 And could adore as many more,
 There is nothing like a plenty.
 Variety is charming,
 Constancy is not for me,
 So ladies you have warning.
 He that has but one love,
 He that has but one love,
 Looks as poor as any boor,
 Or like a man with one glove.
 Variety is charming, &c.
 Not the fine regalia,
 Not the fine regalia,
 Of Eastern kings that poets sing,
 But O the fine seraglio.
 Variety is charming, &c.
 Girls grow old and ugly,
 Girls grow old and ugly,
 And can't inspire the same desire
 As when they're young & snugly
 Variety is charming, &c.
 Why has Cupid pinions,
 Why has Cupid pinions,
 If not to fly throughout the sky
 To see his favorite minions.
 Variety is charming, &c.
 Love was born of beauty,
 Love was born of beauty, [knows
 And when he goes, the urchin
 To follow is his duty.

8. *The Chase of the Hare.*

Do you hear, brother sportsman,
 The sound of the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasures decline?
 [e'er it is morn,
 For shame rouse your senses, and
 With me the sweet melody join.
 Over hills and o'er valleys
 See the traitor he rallies,
 See the hounds in full cry,
 O'er hedges all fly,
 Chasing the swift hare till she dies.
 Then saddle your steeds, to the
 meadows and fields,
 All willing, all joyous repair,
 No pleasure in life greater hap-
 piness yields,
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.
 For such comforts, my friends,
 On the sportsman attends,
 No pleasure like hunting is found
 For when the day's o'er,
 All as brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the
 ground.

9. *The Rapture.*

While on thy dear bosom lying,
 Celia, who can speak my bliss,
 Who, the rapture I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?
 Every look with love inspires me,
 Every touch my bosom warms,

Every melting transport fires me And left me for to mourn.
 Every joy is in thy arms. Oh, Chloe, could you so cruel
 Those dear eyes how soft they prove
 languish, To cause me thus to smart,
 Feel my heart with rapture beat, To take from me my dearest love
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish, Which now must break my heart
 When the transport is too great. If I wander thro' the groves or
 Look not so divinely on me, fields,
 Celia, I shall die with bliss, There nothing can I see, [yields,
 Yet yet turn those eyes upon me That to my heart such pleasure
 Who'd not die a death like this? As the sight of my Chloe.
 10. *The Wanderer.* If I could see her once again,
 Cease awhile ye winds to blow, Then how should I be blest'd?
 Cease ye murmuring streams to flow, And happy be for to remain
 Upon my Chloe's breast.
 Hush'd be every ruder noise! But since she's gone to another
 I long to hear my lover's voice, swain,
 Here's the brook, the rock, the tree, And left me for to rue,
 'Tis she that causes all my pain,
 Hark, a sound! I think 'tis he, Alas! what shall I do?
 'Tis not he, yet night comes on, If Heav'n hath bliss for me in
 Where's my lovely wanderer store,
 gone? Grant me my love again, [more
 Lord I'll speak to make him hear Grant me but this, I ask no
 'Tis I who calls my love, my dear And ease me of my pain.
 The time is come, why this delay? 12. *The New Spinning Wheel.*
 [way. One summer's morn' as Nancy
 Alas! my wanderer's lost his Sat spinning in the shade [fair,
 11. *Jemmy's Complaint for Chloe.* The soaring lark forsook the air,
 I've lost fair Chloe from my arms And warbled o'er her head.
 For ever to be gone, [charms, In tender to the pidgeon's noose
 With her she's taken all her Love's impulse all must feet,

She sang, but still her work pur- 13. *The New Way to Keep him.*
 sued, Ye fair possels'd of ev'ry charm
 And turn'd her spinning wheel. To captivate the will,
 While thus I work with reck and Whose smiles can rage itself
 So life by time is spun, [reel, disarm,
 And as goes round my spinning- Whose frowns at once can kill;
 wheel, Nay, will you deign the verse to
 The world goes up and down. hear,
 Some rich to-day, to-morrow low Where flattery bears no part,
 Whilst I no changes feel, An honest verie that flows sincere
 But get my bread by sweat of With candour from the heart.
 brow, Great is thy power, but greater
 And turn my spinning-wheel. Mankind it might engage [yet,
 From me let men and women too That if ye all could make a net,
 This home-spun lesson learn, Ye all might make a cage;
 Not mind what other people do, Each nymph a thousand hearts
 But eat the bread they earn. might gain,
 If none was fed, was that to be, For who's to beauty blind?
 But what deserves a meal, But to what end a prisoner make,
 Some ladies then, as well as me, Unless you've strength to bind?
 Must turn their spinning-wheel. Attend the counsel often told,
 The thrush that tunes its war- Too often told in vain,
 bling notes, Learn the best art the heart to
 And echo's its tuneful strain, hold,
 When o'er the lawn came leaping And lock the lover's chain.
 Joan, Gamesters to little purpose win,
 And brought home Nancy's swain Who lose again as fast,
 The dame cries, Nancy, here's 'Tis beauty makes the charms
 your spouse, ensnare,
 Away throw rock and reel, And sweetness makes them last.
 Blythe Nancy at the blooming 14. *The Wish.*
 O'er set the spinning wheel. [news If I could but attain my wish,

I'd have each day one wholesome dish
 Of plain meat, fowl, or fish,
 Of plain meat, fowl, or fish.
 A glass of port, with good old beer,
 In winter time a fire burnt clear,
 Tobacco, pipes, and easy chair;
 In some clean town, a snug retreat,
 A little garden 'fore my gate,
 With a thousand pounds a year estate.
 After my house expence was clear,
 Whatever I could have to spare,
 Each poor neighbour should have
 share, [life,
 To keep content and peace through
 I'd have a prudent, cleanly wife,
 Stranger to noise and strife.
 Then I, when blest with such estate,
 With such an house and such a mate,
 Would envy not the great.
 Let them for noisy honour try,
 Let them seek worldly praise, while I
 Unnotic'd live, unnotic'd die!
 But since Fate Fortune ha'n't thought
 fit
 To place me in such affluence yet,
 I'll be content with what I get.
 He's happiest far whose humble mind
 Is unto Providence resign'd.
 Then will I strive to bend my wish,
 And take, instead of fowl or fish,
 What'e'r is thrown into my dish;
 Instead of wealth or fortune great,
 Garden and house, and loving mate
 I'll rest content in servile state,
 Each virtue to attain I'll try,
 And live as I would wish to die.
 15. Jockey of the Green.
 Of all the swains around the Tweed,
 So blythe and debonair,
 Not one, it is by all agreed,
 With Jockey can compare;
 So gay the form, so just the mind,
 Before was never seen,
 Nor e'er was swain to me so kind,
 As Jockey of the Green,
 As Jockey of the Green.
 If e'er at eve I chance to stray,
 The fields and groves along,
 Young Jockey meets me in the way,
 And cheers me with his song;
 And when I sit on Banks of Tweed,
 Where rural sports are seen,
 None tune so sweet the oaten reed,
 As Jockey of the Green.
 Of late his talk has been of love,
 Of love for me alone,
 And if I but his flame approve,
 He'll take me for his own.
 If so, I'll quickly bless for life
 The blythest swain e'er seen,
 And be the faithful wedded wife
 Of Jockey of the Green.

E I N I S.